

# Puck

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THE EXTERMINATION OF TAMMANY WITH A STRAIGHT REPUBLICAN TICKET.

PLATT'S "LIVING PICTURE" — AN AWFUL FAKE.



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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**SOMETHING TOO GOOD TO SPOIL.** IT is a curious thing to say of an institution that it is at once an honor and a reproach to its founders; that its foundation is eminently desirable, and ought never to have been desirable at all; and that, its promises of good and evil being well-nigh equally balanced, it deserves to be heartily and generously encouraged. Yet all this may be said with truth of the scheme for the foundation of a Municipal Art League which is now on foot, with thousands of warm wishes for its good success behind it. There is no doubt of the goodness or of the wisdom of its general aim. It is not generally known or clearly understood that this is an association of artists and civic officials of the city of New York, who propose to work together for the general betterment of civic art. The idea is that the artists shall learn to understand the officials better, and that the officials shall learn to understand the artists better, and that between these two increases of knowledge we shall get better statues in our parks, better fronts on our school-houses, and, generally and specifically, better looking public buildings all around. This surely is good; but surely it is bad that it should be necessary to organize, in a great and prosperous city like this, the leaders of the world of art and the world of politics, to bring them to an understanding on matters that should be their common concern.

If there is a public building to be erected, it should be the first interest of the man in public life who has the work in charge to look about him for the architect who will make the most creditable display for the city, giving preference, of course, to the local architect, whose interests are bound up with those of the town he has to serve, whose heart will be in his work, and who will be better inspired than any stranger to build for himself a lasting monument, in building for the town where his children will live to learn of his fame. And, on the other hand, it should be the ambition of every artist to gain for himself an immortality so noble and so beautiful. These truths were as plain as pike-staffs to the burghers and artists and artificers of Europe hundreds of years ago, and they were clear enough to the men who built the New York City Hall, and some of the older buildings at Washington. Unfortunately for the community, the tendency of modern times has been to draw these two classes of minds so far apart that they hardly ever think of each other. Both are of value to the community, and the community benefits by their coöperation. Each has grown to look on the other with a distrust based on a distorted estimate of character. The artist has learned to believe that the man in politics is necessarily corrupt, ignorant and ungentlemanly. The politician thinks the artist is naturally weak, unpractical and effeminate. These are two grossly exaggerated estimates of personal qualities, based upon certain truths that apply in some cases, and do not in others. If the Municipal Art League brings these two sets of people to a better understanding, each of the other, and does nothing else, it will yet do well.

But we hope and trust and expect that the Municipal Art League will do far more than merely bringing two classes of citizens together. It has in it the promise and potency of noble work. The ability of New York's public officials is of a high average. Their motives and their aims have been called in question, in some instances, no doubt, justly; in other instances, no doubt, unjustly. There is room enough for reform, beyond question, but room enough, also, for respectful admiration of the good work done. If these expert and skillful men are willing, in every way, to work together with the artists of the Municipal Art League, there is no doubt that they may beautify the city exceedingly, and increase her perennial charm.

It rests with both parties to the contract to bear patiently with the other's differences and peculiarities. It is not easy for a man whose whole life is given over to the management of municipal finances to see at a glance why the modification of a certain architectural design may absolutely destroy its whole value as a work of art. Nor is it easy for a dweller in the world of art to understand that an appropriation is an appropriation, and that if \$287,000.25 is set aside for the construction of a building, and if the heating and plumbing of that building can not be provided for at a less cost than \$87,000, there will be only \$200,000.25 to be spent on the rest of the building, which may not cover the cost of the design which is the pride of that particular artist's heart, and is much

admired by his friends. The Municipal Art League can do good. We believe it will do good; but the good it does must come from a square and fair alliance between artists and public men. There must be patience and toleration on both sides; a fair-minded willingness to consider the other man's idea and respect his ideals; and, above all, there must be, among both allies, an earnest, unselfish, patriotic desire to serve the city they live in, which it is for them to make beautiful and desirable among the cities of the earth.

## A Timely Treat.

We make no idle boast in thus describing "**Puck's Domestic Comedies; Pictures in Colors and Black-and-white, by F. M. Howarth,**" which is just off the press. It is uniform in size with "**Pickings from Puck,**" and its beautifully illuminated cover opens the way to fifty-six pages of first-class entertainment,—the unique brand of entertainment for which **Mr. Howarth** has become famous. The "**Comedies**" have been carefully chosen from this artist's work in "**Puck.**" Besides the single comics and the series in black-and-white, there are eight full-page series in color. **Mr. Howarth is the author as well as the artist of this work.** The text is made up of a host of dialogues and jokes, all showing his characteristic humor. "**Puck's Domestic Comedies**" will prove a never-failing fountain of mirth to every one of its lucky buyers. You will find it conspicuously displayed in the stock of all enterprising newsdealers; or, you may procure it direct from the Publishers of "**Puck.**" In either case it will cost you a quarter. (By mail, 30 cents.)

## THE WISE RAT.

A FABLE BY ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

A wise rat, who had long made his home in the hold of a pirate ship and fattened exceedingly on the rich plunder he found there, was much alarmed to notice that as the ship grew older it became less seaworthy. In every gale its timbers groaned, and its masts quivered. In short, the rat saw that the ship was doomed, either, by reason of its own rottenness, to go down in some sudden storm, or to be vanquished and sunk by some good ship of the many that were pursuing it. Knowing all these things, the rat set to work to make himself a raft. Diligently did he toil, night and day, until he had formed it; and then he bided his time, still fattening on the plunder. It was not long before the old craft encountered a storm of Popular Indignation. It had gone through many of these, but this was the fiercest it had ever encountered. To make matters worse, an aggressive man-of-war, "**Investigation**," hung upon its quarter, seemingly aided by the increasing storm that threatened to send



the old pirate to the bottom. The rat waited until he saw the good ship "**Investigation**" about to open fire; then he jumped, landing securely on his raft, and was quickly borne to a place of safety.

## MORAL.

Rats desert a sinking ship. But very few of them have forethought enough to make themselves a raft before they jump.





## THE WAY HE LIKED HER.

MRS. INNIT.—Grace, are you sure Mr. Huggard loves you for yourself alone?

GRACE INNIT.—I am sure of it, Mama! When he calls he hates awfully to have anyone else come into the room!

## A RAINY DAY.

**A**CROSS the way there is a face,  
A face against the window pane,  
Gazing over here at me  
While I stand gazing at the rain.

The falling rain is all I see;  
I do not see the pair of eyes  
That look so laughingly at me,  
And then look up into the skies.

I do not see the pure white teeth,  
Nor smiling lips—I would not deign—  
The smiling lips that smile at me,  
While I stand smiling at the rain.

I do not see the shy moustache,  
(To try would almost be in vain.)  
Nor e'en the hand that teases it,  
For I see nothing but the rain.

'T is gone. How dismal is the scene  
Without that face against the pane!  
I will not stay—I'll go away—  
No more I'll stand and watch the rain.

M. L. Church.



## BLACK BAD LUCK.

MR. MOKEBY COON (*solemnly*).—I'se not sooperstishus, needer does I b'leeve in signs; but does yer remember de odder night at der club, w'en dar was thirteen niggers at dat table?

MR. YALLERBY (*in horror*).—Oh, Lordy! yes; who's daid?

MR. MOKEBY COON.—No one, yo' fule! But me an' every niggah dar played 1-3-13, an' it nebber come out!

TRUTH is mighty; but it will not prevail in a horse trade.

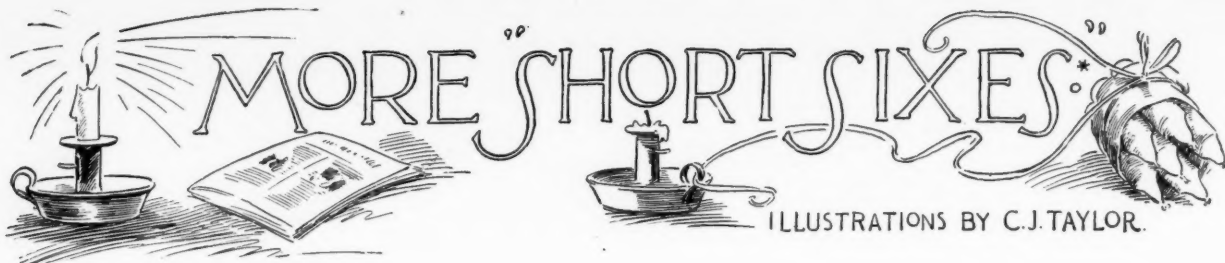
THE GREAT beauty of adversity as a medicine is that it is not sugar-coated.



## TIT FOR TAT.

EDITOR "*Bean County Clarion and Farmers' Friend*."—No, Silas Hopkins, you can't expect me to take such a scraggy, mean lot of vegetables as that for subscription to my paper for next year.

SILAS HOPKINS.—Well, you oughter, then! Them's the kind o' vegetables I raised from follerin' your advice in your "*Hints to Farmers*" column.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.J. TAYLOR.

By H.C. BUNNER.

VII.

"THE MAN WITH THE PINK PANTS." (Concluded.)

THAT WAS ALL. Nothing more. But, as the lineman said of the two-thousand volt shock, "It is n't necessary to see some things to know that they're there."

Now I want you to note the devilish ingenuity of that phraseology. To speak of "pink trousers" would serve only to call up an unattractive mental picture. "Pink breeches" would only suggest the satin knee-breeches of a page in a comic opera; but "pink pants" is a combination you can't get out of your head. It is not English; the word "pants" is a vulgar contraction of the word pantaloons, and we don't wear pantaloons in these days. But "pants" is the funniest word of its size that ever was invented, and it is just about the right word for the hideous garment it belongs to. And whether there's any reason or logic in it or not, when I put those two little cheap words together and say "pink pants," I am certain of two things. First, you have got to smile; second, you can't forget it to save your neck. And that's what Mr. Thingumajig knew. I think he had everything laid out in his mind just as it was going to happen.

Meecham got that letter, and laid it aside to show to Silo; but as he sat at his desk and worked, the salient phrase kept bobbing around in his mind; and, finally, he said aloud:

"Pink pants! What in thunder are pink pants, anyway?"

His foreman heard him, and looked at him in amazement.

"Pink pants," he repeated; "that's a new one on me."

Meecham picked up the letter again, and knit his brows as he studied it.

"That's right," he said; "that's what it is."

The foreman came and looked over his shoulder.

"Pink pants," he repeated; "that's right."

A man who had just come into the office looked at the two speakers with astonishment. Meecham knew that he had come to put an advertisement in the paper, and so he showed him the letter.

"Well, I am damned!" he said.

"That's right, though. It's 'pink pants,'

on your life. But where in blazes would a man get pink pants, anyway?"

When Mr. Silo saw the letter he told Meecham to "burke" it; and Meecham put it in the waste-basket. The next day Silo made him take it out of the waste-basket and print it. He explained that so many people had asked him about the letter—and he said something to Meecham as to his methods of running the office—that he thought it better to print it and let people see for themselves how absurd it was, or else they might magnify it and think he was afraid to print it. Meecham did not say anything at the moment. He did not like being blown up any more than the rest of us do, however; and, when he had got the letter safely printed and out before the public, he said to Silo:

"You did just right about that letter. It would n't have done for a man of your position to have folks going around asking where you were on any particular Thursday evening."

"Why, no!" said Silo; "of course it would n't. Lemme see; was that the day the infernal crank picked out?"

"Thursday night, the eleventh," said Meecham, his finger on the calendar; "between nine and ten o'clock at night. Now, of course, Mr. Silo, you know just where you were then."

"Why, of course," said Silo. "Lemme see, now. Thursday the eleventh, nine, ten at night. Why, I was—no—why—Thursday, the eleventh!—Oh, thunder!—no—it can't be! Oh, certainly! yes; that's all right, of course! Is that Mr. Smith over there, the other side of the street? I've got to speak to him a minute. I'll see you to-morrow. Good-night, my boy!"

How much of an expert in human nature are you? If I tell you that Mr. Silo insisted on having every first impression of an edition of the *Echo* sent to his house by special messenger the instant it was printed, whether he was at home or not, and that he did this just to make Meecham feel

the bitterness of the servitude of debt, what do you deduce or infer from that? That somebody else was tyrannizing over Silo? Quite right! Mrs. Silo was a woman who opened all of her husband's letters—that came to the house. And she looked at Silo's paper before he saw it himself.

And when Silo got home that day, Mrs. Silo was waiting for him. Mrs. Silo and the copy of the *Echo*, with the letter concerning Mr. Silo and the pink pants. Mrs. Silo wanted to know about it. If Mr. Silo was in

any doubt about Thursday night, the eleventh,

Mrs. Silo was not. On that night Mr. Silo

had been expected out on the train leaving

New York at eight o'clock. He had ar-

rived on the train leaving New York

at ten o'clock. There was no trouble

at all in identifying the night. Mrs.

Silo reminded him that it was the

night of the day when he took in a

certain hank of red Berlin wool to

be delivered to Mrs. Silo's mother,

who lived in 14th Street; which, as

Mrs. Silo remarked, is not a quiet

street. She also reminded Mr. Silo

that on his appearance that evening

she had asked him if he had delivered

that hank of red Berlin wool at the

house of his mother-in-law, and he

had answered that he had; that his

lateness was due to that cause; and,

furthermore, that his dear mother-in-law

was very well.



To this Mr. Silo responded that his statements on Thursday evening were perfectly correct.

Then Mrs. Silo told him that since the arrival of the paper she had made a trip to New York to inform herself as to the true condition of affairs. And, furthermore, on Thursday the eleventh, Mrs. Silo's mother had been confined to her bed all day with a severe neuralgic headache, all the other members of the family being absent at the bedside of a sick relative; the cook had had a day off, and the aged waitress, who had been in the family twenty-five years, was certain that no one had entered the house up to the return of the absent members at eight, sharp, when, the sick relative being by that time a dead relative, the house was closed. So much for furthermore. Now, moreover, the hank of red Berlin wool had arrived at the house in Fourteenth Street four days after the date in question. It came through the United States mail, wrapped up in a sheet of tinted note-paper, scented with musk, and addressed in a sprawling but unmistakably feminine hand.

Mr. Silo made an explanation.

It was unsatisfactory.

It had long been known

in the town that suspicion

was rife in the Silo

household. It was now

known that suspicion

had ripened into

certainty. Events

of that kind belong

to what may be

classed as the mas-

culine or strictly

necessary and self-

protective scandal.

News of the event

goes in hushed whispers

through the masculine com-

munity—the brotherhood of man, as you might say.

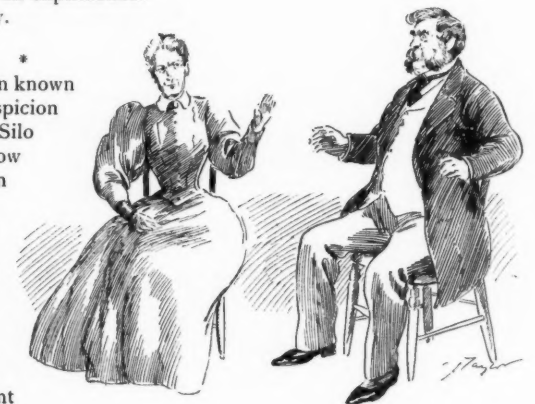
One man says to

his neighbor, "Let's get Johnston and go down to Coney Island this after-

noon." "Johnston is n't going down to Coney Island this week," says

the neighbor. "Johnston miscalculated his wine last night, and Mrs.

Johnston is good people to leave alone this morning."



(Concluded on page 298, this number.)



OUT OF SIGHT BUT NOT OUT OF MIND.



FATHER (*aside*).—Ever since I forbid that young Spindle comin' around here, Mary does nothin' but stand down there at that gate the whole evenin', all alone. (*Aloud.*) Mary, Mary! Come in the house at once!



MARY.—Yes, Popper; I'll be in there in one minute! Good night, George, dear!

THOUGHTFUL OF HER.

CLARA (*who is going to Europe*).—Won't you come down to the steamer and see me off to-morrow?

MAUDE.—What's the use? It would only make me feel badly.

CLARA.—But I thought you would like to meet some of the men.

THE RELIEF OF TEARS.

"I've been to the funeral of Norton's uncle, who left him everything."

"Was Norton's grief uncontrollable?"

"Yes; he could n't shed a tear."

IN DARKEST PHILADELPHIA.

BLEECKER.—Heavens! Old man, this town's dull. Here it's not eleven o'clock, and the streets are like a graveyard.

BIDDLE B. BIDDLE (*proudly*).—Well, you just come with me; I can take you around on Chestnut Street and show you a restaurant that keeps open *all night*!

NOT THE SAME.

"And so she is really a burlesque actress?"

"Yes. Not a real, sure enough actress, you know;—just a burlesque of one."

THE AWFUL RESULT OF RECENT HERESY TRIALS.

MRS. HAYRICK.—You ought to be ashamed of yerself, 'Biah Hayrick; an' you a perfessor, too!

HAYRICK. — Lizy Ann, don't you dast ter call me a perfessor again! I'm jest as orthodoxy as you be, or Deacon Elderberry, either.

HOW THEY SUFFERED.

JIGGS.—The cable car has added three more victims to its long list.

JAGGS.—Good Heavens! You don't say so! How did it happen?

JIGGS.—The cable broke after they had paid their fares.

DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF.

"Did your son carry off all the honors at college?"

"No—all the signs."

MAMA.—Now, Bobby, say your prayers.

BOBBY (*after the usual "Now I lay me"*). — And please God make me a good boy; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again.

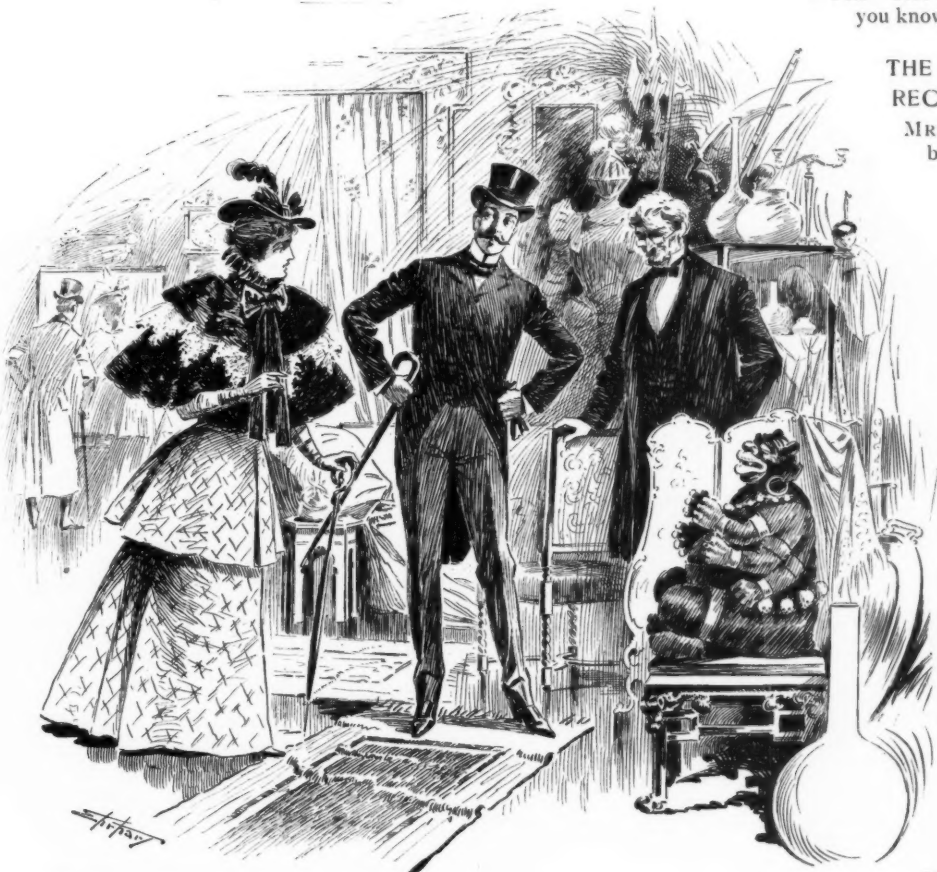
YOU CAN'T have your penny and your cake; but, if you are sufficiently able and unscrupulous, you can have your penny and some one else's cake.

HE (*rejected*).—You wring my soul!

SHE.—That's better than wringing clothes.

MRS. DOGOOD.—What is your business?

WEARY WALKER.—I have started to go around the world in the greatest possible number of days.



THEY ALWAYS DO.

KITTY.—You're not going to send that hideous Indian idol for a wedding present, are you?

TOM.—Yes; I've got a bet that the bride will write a charming little note thanking me for my "beautiful and exquisite gift."



## THE LITTLE RIFT.

"Did you read," he sweetly asked her,  
 "That poem I wrote last week?"  
 "I read it years ago," she said;  
 And now they do not speak. *K. M. C.*

## A REASONABLE APPREHENSION.

**U**PON the demand of the little four-year-old daughter to "tell me something" an ambitious father recited the lines of Shakspeare, beginning, "Hark, hark, the lark." Here and there he changed a word, so that the little girl might understand, and the little girl listened intently, as if in some degree, at least, she felt the magic of the ever-living poet.

"Hark, hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings —  
 "Um-hu!" said the little girl.  
 "And the sun begins to rise,  
 To water his horses at the springs  
 That lie in the pretty flowers —"  
 "Better look out!" suddenly cried the little girl;  
 "those horses eat up those flowers." *Williston Fish.*

JESS.— Did n't Mr. German act as a gentleman should?  
 BESS.— No; he acted like a "gent."



## REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE.

PAINTING INSTRUCTOR.— Ze young lady puts ze paint on too thick.  
 MRS. NEWRICH.— Oh, never mind that, Professor! Her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it if she wants it.

## THAT JEWEL OF A GIRL.

MRS. BARKINGTON (*from the depths of the pantry*).— Delia, what have you done with that salad I made yesterday?  
 DELIA (*the new girl*).— Sure, Mum, I threw it out; it had turned sour.

## ATTRACTIONS.

BROWN.— What makes you think of spending your vacation at Clam Shell Beach?  
 JONES.— Well, I hear there's not a room to be had in any of the hotels for love or money, and the boarding-houses are putting cots in the parlors!



## PLAIN TO BE SEEN.

MISS BOARDMAN.— What kind of bird could it have been that built its nest here where it can be so easily spoiled?  
 MISS SUMMER GIRL.— Well, I'm not much of an ornithologist; but it must have been a jay.



## FROM HEADQUARTERS.

FEATHERSTONE.— I hear you are going to move, Mr. Ringway.  
 RINGWAY.— Move! I should like to know where you heard that.  
 FEATHERSTONE.— Your landlord told me.

## AUXILIUM AB ALTO — The Derrick.

NOTHING DISGUSTS a man so at lack of punctuality as to arrive at a meeting-place fifteen minutes late and find his friend not there yet.



## NOT A DEAD LOSS.

FRIEND.— Oxcuse me, Mr. Bloomenberg; but why do you dress your boys in dose bright green clothes?  
 BLOOMENBERG.— Vell, you see, I bought a roll of billiard table cloth at auction last month, und could n't sell it—und I had to do something mit it!



A CURTAIN RAISER.

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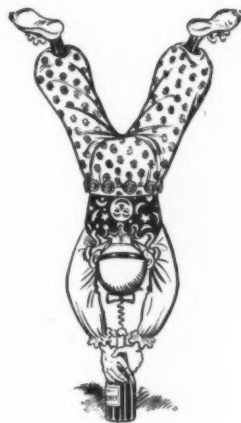
I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.



IX.



X.

A DEAD MAN.

BROWN.—I heard a Democrat speak well of Senator Hill to-day.

JONES.—Oh! it's customary to speak well of a man after he is dead.

FITTED FOR IT.

PIPKIN.—What are you going to do with your son when he gets out of college?

POTTS.—I think some of sending him to school.

FROM THE STEAMER.

SHE.—Are n't those fireflies pretty on the Jersey shore?

HE.—Those are not fireflies; only suburbanites picking their way home with lanterns.

THE CHIEF VALUE OF A COLLEGE COURSE.

QUIDNUNC.—Of all the things you learned in college, what particular piece of knowledge do you value most?

DISTINGUISHED GRADUATE.—How little the other men know.

UNPROFESSIONAL.

WOOL.—They have old Marks, the lawyer, indicted for robbing a client.

VAN PELT.—I should think that was legitimate enough, for a lawyer.

WOOL.—But, you see, he did it out of office hours.



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THE REASON WHY.

DEACON SKINNER (*severely*).—My boy, for whom are you procuring that accursed drink?

CHIMMY O'HEARN.—Fer me Fadder.

DEACON SKINNER (*still more severely*).—And why does your Father send you to such a dreadful place?

CHIMMY O'HEARN.—Aw, wotcher givin' us? 'Cause Casey gives der biggest pint; wot else?

PEOPLE DO a great deal of talking about the lost art of conversation.

LOVE IS a charming hostess—but an exacting guest.

IT IS astonishing how far a little masculine remorse will go with a woman.

MRS. SEEAWAY.—I can't imagine why they have female customs inspectors, anyway.

SEEAWAY.—To get all the stuff back into women's trunks.

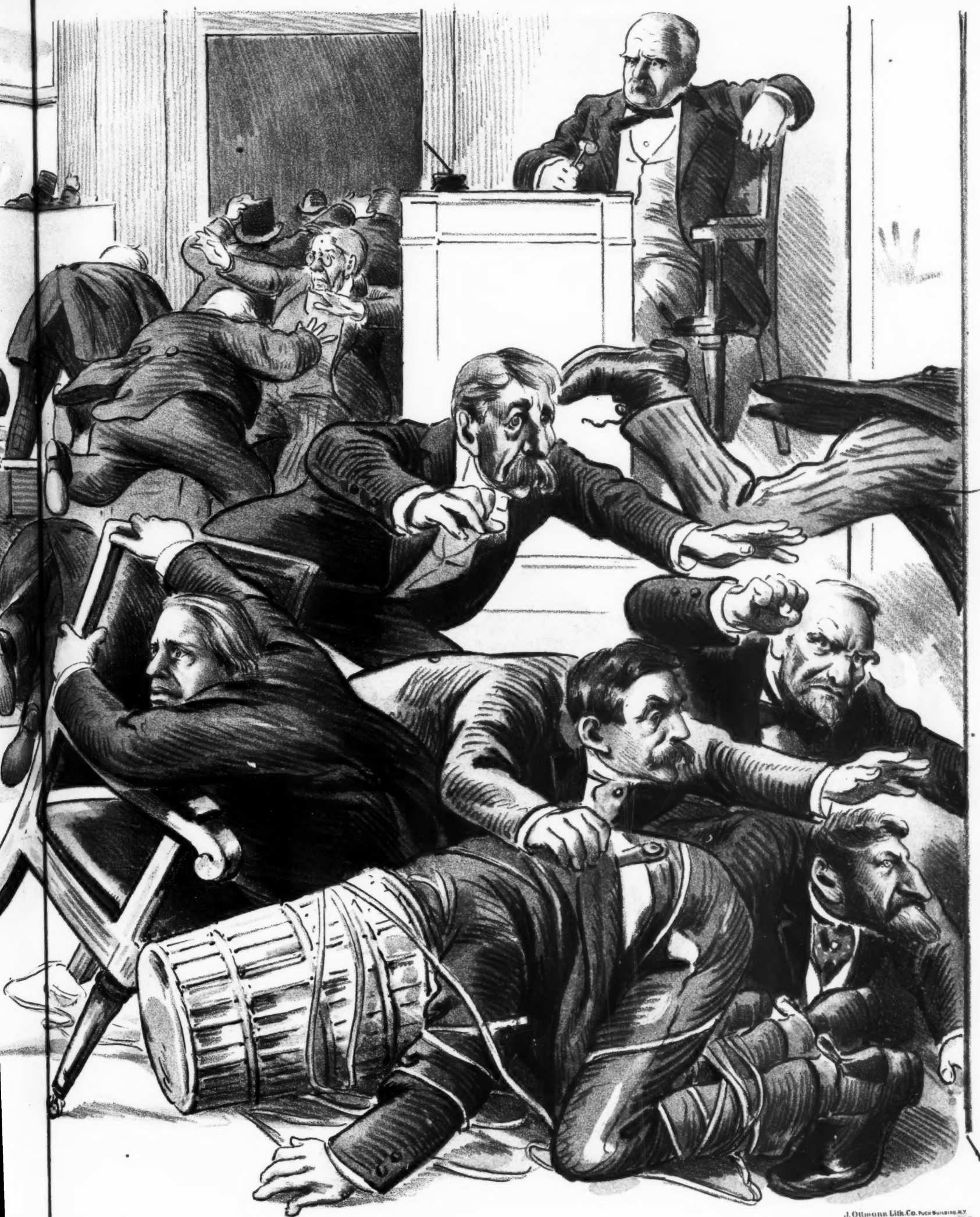


C.J. Taylor.

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THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD SCARE  
THE AWFUL SCENE THAT WOULD ENSUE IF INVESTIGATORS LEXOW AND GOFF





J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

D SCARE OUR THICK-SKINNED SENATORS.  
XOW AND GOFF SHOULD UNEXPECTEDLY APPEAR IN THE U. S. SENATE CHAMBER.

In a case so much more serious than a mere case of intoxication as Silo's was supposed to be, you can readily understand that the scandal of the pink pants spread through the town like wildfire. Silo had already resigned from the vestry, so all the vestry could do was to pitch in and see that he did not get the ghost of a show as a candidate for the assembly. It was not much of a job, under the circumstances, and the vestry did it very easily.

"Well, but what *had* Silo done?" I asked the Doctor. "And what were the pink pants, anyway?"

"Silo had n't done a thing," replied the Doctor. "Not a blessed thing — except to tell a tiny little bit of a two-for-one-cent-fib about that hank of worsted. I met Mr. Thingumajig in Chicago last year, and he told me how he worked the whole scheme. The gist of the invention lay in the 'pink pants.' Any fool can put up a job to make a man's wife jealous; but it takes the genius of deathless malevolence to invent a phrase sure to catch every ear that hears it; sure to interest and puzzle and excite every mind that gives it lodgment, and to tie that phrase up to an individuality in such a way that it conveys an accusation almost without form and void, and yet hideously suggestive of iniquity.

"That is just what the little newspaper cuss did with Silo. He was bent on revenge, and he gave up a certain portion of his time to shadowing him. You must remember that, while he had reason to remember Silo, Silo had hardly any to remember him. Well, he told me that he dogged Silo for days — months, even — trying to catch him in some wrong-doing. But Silo, big and blustering as he looked, with his whiskers and his knowing air, was an innocent, respectable, henpecked ass. Outside of business, all that he ever did in New York was to go to his mother-in-law's house at his wife's bidding to execute shopping commissions and the like. For instance, this hank of Berlin wool the old lady had bought for her daughter; the shade was wrong, and the daughter sent it back. Mr. Thingumajig never mind his name now — had been tracking Silo on his trips to Fourteenth Street for weeks, and had just learned their innocent nature. His soul was full of rage. He got into a green car with Silo, going to the ferry. The evening was hot. Silo dozed in the corner of the car. The hank of red Berlin wool lay on the seat beside him. Mr. Thingumajig saw it, and saw the letter pinned to it, addressed by Mrs. Silo to her mother. In that instant he conceived the crude basis of his plot — to appropriate the hank, suppress the letter, souse the wool with cheap perfume, get his wife to re-address the parcel in her worst hand — and to rely in pretty good confidence on Silo's telling a lie at one end or both ends of the line about the missing wool. Silo was not much of a sinner, but a man who loses his wife's hank of Berlin wool and goes home and owns up about it is a good deal of a saint. The chances were all in Mr. Thingumajig's favor."

"But," said I, "when you had met Mr. Thingumajig and become

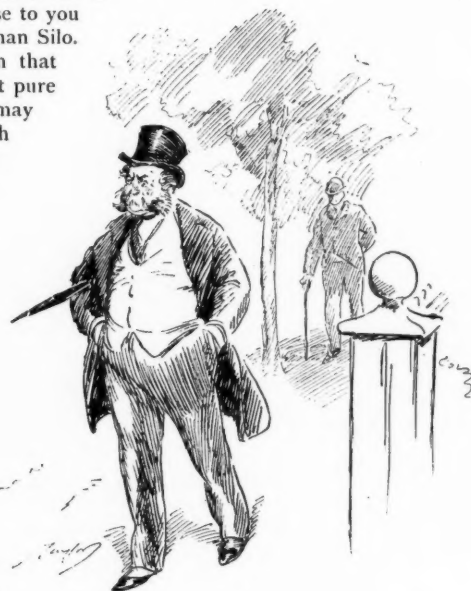
possessed of the plot, why did n't you come back here and tell all about it, and clear up poor Silo?"

The Doctor looked at me pityingly, almost contemptuously.

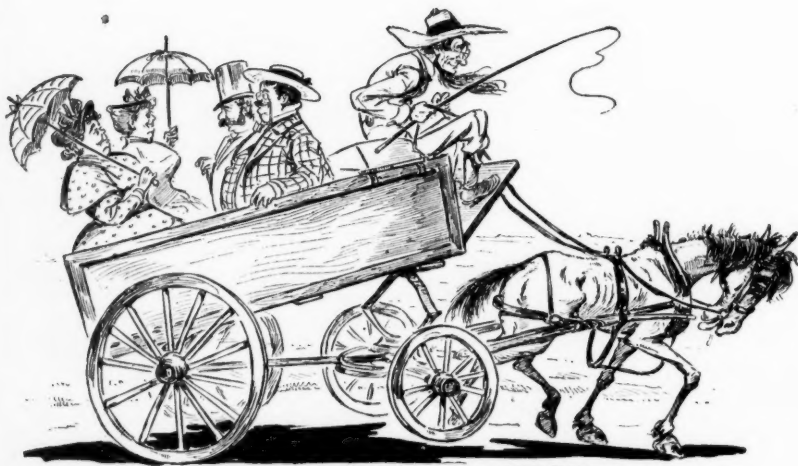
"My dear fellow," he said, as if he were talking to a child, "what was my word to those pink pants? I tried it on, until I found that people simply began to suspect me, and to think that I might be Silo's accomplice in iniquity. There was n't the least use in it. If I talked to a man, he would hear me through; and then he would wag his head and say, 'That's all very well; but how about those pink pants? If there were n't any pink pants how did they come to be mentioned?' And that was the way everywhere. I could explain all about poor Silo's foolish little lie, and they would say, 'Oh, yes, that's possible; a man might lie about a hank of wool if he had the kind of wife Silo's got; but how about those pink pants?' And when it was n't *those* pink pants, it was *them* pink pants. And after a while I gave it up. Silo had got to drinking pretty hard by that time, in order to drown his miseries; and of course that only confirmed the earlier scandal. Now, Silo never was a man that could drink; it never did agree with him, and he has got so wild recently that Mrs. Silo has her two brothers take turns to come out here and try to control him. Of course that makes him all the wilder."

At the end of Main Street I parted from my friend, the Doctor, and shortly I crossed the pathway of another citizen who had seen the two of us bidding good-by.

"He's a nice man, the Doctor is," said the citizen; "but the trouble with him is, he's altogether too credulous and sympathetic. Now, I would n't be a bit surprised if he'd been making some defense to you of the goings on of that man Silo. He's a sort of addled on that subject. May be it's just pure charity, of course; and may be, equally, he was in with Silo when Silo was n't so openly disgraceful; but if you want to know what that man Silo is, I'll tell you. The people around here, sir — the people who ought to know — do you know what they call him, sir? Well, sir, they call him, 'The Man with the Pink Pants.' And do you suppose for one minute, sir, that a man gets a name fixed on him like that without he's deserved it? No, sir; your friend there is a good man, and a charitable man, but as for judgement of character, he ain't got it. And if you're a friend of his, you'll tell him that the less he has to say about 'The Man with the Pink Pants' — the better for *him*."



"AS YOU LIKE IT."



COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY KIEPPLER & SCHWARTZMAN 1898

GOING TO THE RURAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN JUNE.



LEAVING THE RURAL BOARDING-HOUSE IN SEPTEMBER.



# A MOUSE IN THE AUCTION ROOM.



AUCTIONEER. — Ladies and gentlemen, the last chance on this beautiful antique mirror — Going! —

— Going!! —

## A TALE OF THE SEA.

PARKER. — Were n't you on the "City of Hoboken" when she raced the "Calisthenic?"

BARKER. — Yes; and we'd have beaten her if the captain had had a little more nerve.

PARKER. — What could he have done?

BARKER. — Why, we all wanted him to throw some of the cargo overboard!

THERE ARE still people in Brooklyn who think a fly-ball is "out" on the first bounce.

LOFTY IDEALISTS are usually men who are too lazy to work.

EXECUTIVE ABILITY is the faculty of getting some one else to do your work.



— GONE!!!

## WHEN THE WOMEN VOTE.

MRS. HICKS. — We have a cook now that promises great things.

MRS. DIX. — So?

MRS. HICKS. — Yes; she's the leader of the district. I had to raise her to twenty-five a month, in order to get John a place in the Custom House.

## LOOKING FORWARD.

ISAACSTEIN, JR. — Fader, you are dying.

ISAACSTEIN, SR. — Yes, Jakey. Candt you hurry up dose adverbizing fans we orterdt?

## AN AID TO REALISM.

MANAGER. — Nobody knows what trouble we have with supes. Now, look at that "Roman populace" on the stage. They are supposed to mob the hero and try to tear him to pieces; but you can hardly hear their voices, and they don't act with any vim at all.

LOBBY LOUNGER. — If you'd like to see them pounce on the leading man like a pack of wolves, just make them sit in the audience and suffer with the rest of us until the time comes to pounce.

## THE CHICKENS COME HOME.

POWERS. — I always thought Peffer's Populist friends would get him into trouble some day.

BOWERS. — What have they done?

POWERS. — I hear that a delegation of Kansas barbers has called on him to demand employment.



## A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

NEW ARRIVAL. — Begorry, phwat's thot?

PARK POLICEMAN. — Obelisk.

NEW ARRIVAL (to himself). — Oi niver heard of O'Bellisk; but judgin' from his gravestone he must av been hoigh oop in Tammany Hahl.

Our ADVERTISING FRIENDS will please bear in mind that the large circulation of PUCK obliges us to go to press nearly three weeks previous to the day of issue; the advertising forms of this number were closed on Friday, June 8th, and those for PUCK of next week were closed on the 15th inst. As advertising space in PUCK is always in great demand, Advertisers are requested to place their orders for space well in advance, so as to secure insertion on the desired dates. The advertising rate is One Dollar per Line.

DISCOUNTS on space bought at one time, and to be taken out within one year from date of order:

5% on 50 lines.	15% on 300 lines.
7 1/2% " 100 "	20% " 500 "
10% " 200 "	25% " 1,000 "

Smallest advertisement inserted is three lines.

**SANITARY SOAP VASE**  
PREVENTS disease, waste, pilfering of soap, clogging of waste pipes, stain of marble, uncleanly soap-dish. Is highly ornamental, inexpensive, and never wears out. No bath-room, washstand or lavatory complete without it. Affords each user fresh, dry, pure soap. The only clean, sanitary, and safe way to use soap.  
**W. R. RANNIE, Rochester, N. Y., U.S.A.**

**THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT THE AUTOMATIC REEL**  
It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.  
**YAWMAN & ERBE, Rochester, N. Y.**

**THIS IS A PIPE.**  
Can not be told from a cigar. Made of asbestos. Holds a large pipefull of tobacco, and lasts for years. Ask your dealer to get it for you, or send us 10c. in stamps for sample and price-list. N. E. PIPE CO., 23 Guernsey St., Stamford, Conn.



PACKER'S TAR SOAP is undoubtedly the best Shampooing agent known. It does not dry the hair, but makes it soft and glossy; and is refreshing and beneficial to the hair and skin. Physicians order its use in treatment of Dandruff, Baldness, and Skin Diseases.

**Tigoral** gives strength!  
Served at all Fountains and Buffets.  
Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.  
Armour & Company; Chicago.

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.  
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

**S-O-H-M-E-R.**

## Buffalo Bill's Wild West

And Congress of Rough Riders of the World.  
AMBROSE PARK, SOUTH BROOKLYN,  
ADJOINING 39TH STREET FERRY,  
(New York end of which is at foot of Whitehall Street, Battery.)

Twice Daily, Rain or Shine, 3 & 8.15 P. M.  
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 6.15 P. M.

Admission, 50 cents. Children, half-price. Central Grand Stand, 75 cents and \$1. 20,000 covered seats.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St. Chicago.

## Bicycle Truths.

It is a settled, fixed truth, about the certain quality of which there can be no doubt, that American skill and enterprise have carried bicycle design and construction far ahead of that of any country on the globe, and that

## Columbias,

the first in the field, have been principally responsible for this result. The same enterprise that started and made a place for this great industry in America has kept these peerless wheels at the head of every improvement in design and method of construction, and has given them a rating as the standard bicycles of the world. In every essential bicycle quality, they are not only unequalled, but unapproached.

POPE MFG. CO.,

Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

Columbia catalogue free at our agencies, or mailed for two two-cent stamps.

Too Good.

FRIEND.—I hear your play did n't have much of a run. What was wrong about it?

SCRIBBLER.—Nothing; that was the trouble.—Truth.

SOME fiddlers can play a tune on one string, but it never makes anybody want to dance.—Ram's Horn.

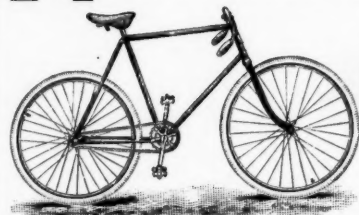
With the advent of Summer and its accompanying disorders of the digestive organs, no family ought to be without BOKERS BITTERS, the surest specific.

WHERE NO PRESSING IS WANTED.

HARDUP.—Hello, Charlie! your trousers bag at the knees.

DEDBROKE.—I wish they bagged at the pocket-book!—Truth.

# REMINGTON CYCLES



ARE THE BEST in Design, Material, Workmanship, and Finish.  
\$100 TO \$135.  
NINE PATTERNS. POPULAR WEIGHTS.

Fitted with the famous Bartlett "clincher" or Palmer tire.

SEND FOR HANDSOME CATALOGUE.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY,

Manufacturers of the Remington Fire Arms, of world-wide reputation.

313-315 Broadway, New York.



TWO OF A KIND.

FOOTPAD.—Your money or your life! What are you laughing at?

JINKS.—Why, I'm a life-insurance agent!

FOOTPAD.—Excuse me, sir; I did n't know you were in the profess!

## Marry Your Trousers



and they will be comfortably supported as long as they live.

THE "CHESTER" is a suspender with an idea, viz:—enough stretch, all in the right place, and in enduring form. Our graduated elastic cord ends make it the most comfortable and serviceable suspender in the world; moreover, neat, light, and elegant. Sample pair mailed for 50 cents. The "Workers," made on same plan, 25 cents. We also make the well-known "Century." Ask for "Chester" suspenders. See the graduated elastic cord. CHESTER SUSPENDER CO., No. 4 DECATUR AVE., ROXBURY, MASS.



THE REASON.

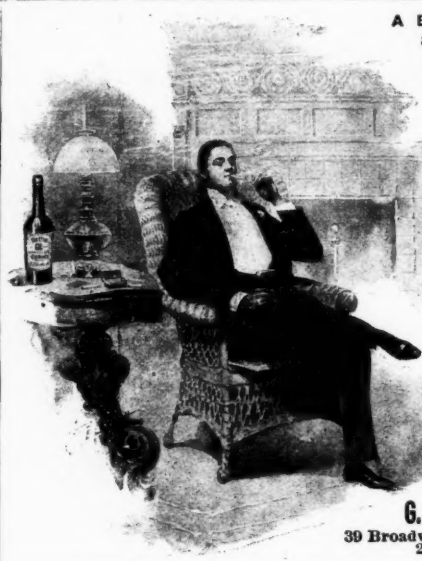
"I wonder why those young fellers always go 'me-heh-heh!' when I pass? I'm no goat," said the rural visitor, as he strayed across the campus.

"Oh, them's college students," answered the policeman, affably; "they only did it to kid you."

"FOOLS rush in where 'angels' fear to tread" can not be said of the theatrical business.—Truth.

A ONE-LEGGED man will never be troubled with wet feet.—Texas Siftings.

HOPE is the dream of those who are awake.—Texas Siftings.



A BETTER COCKTAIL AT HOME THAN IS SERVED OVER ANY BAR IN THE WORLD.

## The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN and VERMOUTH.

For the Yacht,  
For the Sea Shore,  
For the Mountains,  
For the Fishing Party,  
For the Camping Party,  
For the Summer Hotel,

For everywhere that a delicious Cocktail is appreciated. We prefer that you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, we will send a selection of four bottles, prepaid, for \$6.00.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,  
39 Broadway, New York; Hartford, Connecticut; and 20 Piccadilly, W. London, England.

TALK with any man five minutes confidentially, and you will find that he has been robbed by somebody.—Atchison Globe.

HIGHEST AWARD  
WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Hotel Brunswick  
DOWNTOWN DEPOT  
SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

## The Leading Havana Cigar

OF THE UNITED STATES.  
Stands without a rival. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer that you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of ten to  
JACOB STANL, JR., & CO.,  
168th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. City.  
Send money by registered mail.

Exact Size.  
Perfecto.

## KICK IF YOU DON'T GET THE



## GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR

ON SALE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER,  
Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.



If you want the finest TOILET SOAP ask for this brand.

Unequaled for all Persons with a Delicate and Tender Skin. Should your dealer not have it, send 20 cents in stamps for a sample cake to MULHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

## BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM. THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM. A DELICIOUS REMEDY

FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION  
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to  
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 27 Lake Street, Cleveland, O.  
CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper. ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

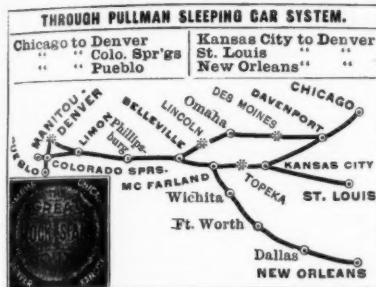


## Where to Go this Summer

The Direct Line to MANITOU and  
PIKE'S PEAK is

## The Great Rock Island Route

Ticket takes you through Denver, going or  
returning, at the same price, or take  
the direct Manitou line. (See map.)



**Our Big 5** is the train. Leaves Chicago  
at 10 o'clock every night  
and arrives at Manitou second morning. Quick  
trip. Most excellent equipment. Dining Cars,  
Chair Cars, and superb Pullman Sleepers.  
Don't fail to go to top of Pike's Peak by the Cog  
Railroad. Wonderful experience. Your Ticket  
Agent can tell you all about it and sell you ticket  
with your Colorado Tourist Ticket, should you  
so desire.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,  
Chicago, May, 1891. Gen'l Passenger Agent.

TRADE MARK  
**FORAKER**  
HEIGHT FRONT 2 IN.  
HEIGHT BACK 1 3/4  
20¢  
LINEN LINED.  
TROY, N.Y.  
FOR SALE BY LEADING FURNISHERS

A BOY eats until he can't hold any more, and then grabs his hat and makes a  
rush for the door.—*Atchison Globe.*

When the young man of the present day extorts a  
brief vacation from his unwilling employer, he attires  
himself in a shirt of violent and vivid stripes, takes a  
large stock of white collars that do not match it, buys  
a fishing rod that he does not know how to use, and a  
collection of flies that he can not remember the names  
of, and goes away to some sporting resort, preferably  
the Adirondacks, because of their combined conven-  
ience, safety and proximity to a basis of supplies of  
canned goods. How to best serve himself and to  
crowd a great deal of good time into small compass,

the young man with the striped shirt may best learn  
by consulting a wonderful book called "HEALTH AND  
PLEASURE, ON AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD," is-  
sued by the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., as No. 5, of the "Four  
Track Series." It is a wonderful book, containing  
more information to the square inch than any book of  
its class in the world, and peppered so thick with  
really artistic engravings that it looks more like a  
costly picture book than just a plain, ordinary guide  
book, which is all that it really is. Send five 2-cent  
Stamps to Mr. G. H. DANIELS, Grand Central Station,  
New York, and secure a copy while they last.



DARE DEVILS, BOTH.

CHARLEY RIVERS (at the Brooklyn Wild West).—Aw, y' know, could we secuah a situa-  
tion widin bwonchos? We think we could give some of you fellah's pointahs, don't y' know.

OKLAHOMA BILL.—Well, Podner, what experience hev you had?

CHARLEY RIVERS.—Well, Gussie and I rode down all the way heah from Centwal Park  
on old style high bicycles, don't y' know!

## THE Boston Garter



for gentlemen  
is the only sat-  
isfactory gar-  
ter, as it auto-  
matically ad-  
justs itself to  
any size of leg  
and does not  
bind.

It is sold by  
men's outfitters  
everywhere.

Ask for the genuine  
**BOSTON GARTER**  
and be sure you get it.

MADE BY  
**George Frost  
Company,**  
Boston.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SOME of the King's Daughters are so pretty,  
it is hinted that he is to have some sons-in-law.—  
*Atchison Globe.*

## Victor Bicycles

All about the best bi-  
cycles ever built since the  
world began is contained  
in the Victor catalog which  
will be sent you on re-  
quest, or it can be obtained  
of any Victor agent.

The Victor Resiliometer,  
the only tire testing  
machine in existence, has  
proved conclusively that

## Victor Bicycles

## Victor Bicycles

the Victor Pneumatic Tire  
is the most resilient of  
any. Victor Tires, like  
Victor Bicycles, are un-  
equaled, unapproached.

Why not ride the best?

### OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA DETROIT  
NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER  
PACIFIC COAST:  
SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES PORTLAND

## Victor Bicycles

## "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

Distilled and bottled by  
**HIRAM WALKER & SONS,**  
LIMITED  
WALKERVILLE, CANADA.

The age and genuineness of THIS Whisky are guaranteed by the Excise De-  
partment of the Canadian Government by certificate over the capsule of every  
bottle. From the moment of manufacture until this certificate is affixed the  
Whisky never leaves the custody of the Excise Officers. No other Government  
in the World provides for consumers this independent and absolute guarantee  
of purity and ripeness. "Canadian Club" Whisky is particularly adapted  
for medicinal use. When not obtainable from local dealers we will gladly supply  
consumers direct upon application.

A 5-ounce sample, with the usual Government guarantee, will be sent prepaid, by express, to any address  
in the United States on receipt of 50c. in stamps.  
LONDON. 69 and 70 Mark Lane, E. C. NEW YORK. 1232 Broadway. CHICAGO. 223 & 224 Monadnock Block.

WHATEVER you do, don't play horse with  
your friends.—*Atchison Globe.*

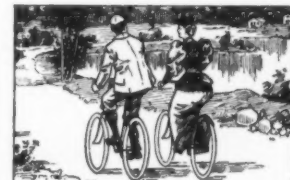
## THE RALEIGH BICYCLES

On  
which AllWorld's Championships  
OF '92 AND '93 WERE WON,

are the strongest wheels, as well as the lightest made.  
The 23-pound road wheel and 19-pound racer are the  
finest, speediest, safest, lightest wheels known. The  
RALEIGH bearings are unequalled for light-running  
qualities. For catalogue address

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., 2081-3 7TH AVE., NEW YORK.  
289 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

Brass Band Instruments, Drums, Uniforms and  
all Equipments. Send stamp for  
catalogue, 400 illustrations. Lyon & Healy, Chicago.



Wheeling companionship  
makes doubly beneficial the healthful exer-  
cise of bicycle riding. Mounted on  
**TRUSTY RAMBLERS**

there is an added sense of security.  
"EVERY RAMBLER IS GUARANTEED."  
HIGHEST GRADE MADE.  
Catalogue free at Rambler agencies, or by mail for two  
2-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
Chicago. Boston. Washington. New York.

**THINK 2 THINKS**  
IN CHOOSING DRINKS AND  
**HIRES' Rootbeer**  
WILL LINK YOUR THINKS.  
Deliciously Exhilarating, Sparkling, Effervescent. Wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate. Ask your store-keeper for it. Get the Genuine.  
Send 2 cent stamp for beautiful picture cards and book.  
**THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia.**

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.  
EDITOR.—You wish a position as proof-reader?  
APPLICANT.—Yes, sir.  
“Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?”  
“Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper, just blame ‘em on me, and I’ll never say a word.”—*N. Y. Weekly.*

A HALF-LEARNED LESSON.

TEACHER.—Why was Lot’s wife turned into a pillar of salt?  
BOY.—For looking back.  
“Yes; but why did she look back?”  
“I—I guess some other woman passed her.”—*Street & Smith’s Good News.*



## In . . . Evans' Ale

you have the result of years of experience and conscientious effort of a firm whose sole aim has been to produce the

Best Ale in the World.

Has it succeeded?

Old-time Ale Drinkers say so, and so did the Judges at THE WORLD’S FAIR.

Sold everywhere.

C. H. Evans & Sons,  
Hudson, N. Y.

## COLD COMFORT.

FUSSY PASSENGER.—Why does your company insist that passengers must purchase tickets before entering the train? Are they afraid that if we pay money to you, that you will steal it?  
CONDUCTOR (with dignity).—Certainly not! They are afraid the train may run off the track before I can get around.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THERE are a good many things a man would like to buy a dime’s worth of, but can’t get without taking the whole box.—*Atchison Globe.*

If all the devils were cast out of some folks there would n’t be hardly enough left to look at.—*Ram’s Horn.*



## Suffering the Tortures of ECZEMA

And yet lives in ignorance of the fact that a single application of CUTICURA will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, when all other remedies fail. CUTICURA works wonders, and its cures of torturing, disfiguring humors are the most wonderful ever recorded.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases, free.

At a good restaurant you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

## LIEBIG COMPANY’S EXTRACT OF BEEF,

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa tells you how.

100 of her recipes sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

THE NEW TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE  
**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY**  
Stretches in unbroken length From St. Paul to Pacific Ocean  
Presenting the most sublime and majestic panorama of natural scenery in the world. It offers round-trip tickets to Montana, Washington, California and Pacific Coast points, with choice of return by a different route. Round-trip tickets to China, Japan, Australia and Hawaii.  
Every Comfort and Luxury of Modern Travel characterizes the equipment of the GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.  
Send for Detailed Information.  
F. L. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A.,  
W. W. FINLEY,  
Gen. Traffic Mgr.,  
Saint Paul, Minn.

**BAR KEEPERS’ FRIEND METAL POLISH.**  
Best and cheapest. 1-pound box 25 cents at dealers.  
G. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash. St., Indianapolis.

## No MORPHINE CHLORAL IN Bromo-Seltzer.

It is an Effective, Effervescing Preparation which corrects  
**DISORDERED STOMACH AND NERVOUS TROUBLES.**  
For Sale on all Trains by Union News Company’s Agents.



### PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY AT CONEY ISLAND.

YOUNG HUSBAND (from back in the State, wearily).—My dear, I don’t see why we should have lugged the baby with us all the way.

YOUNG WIFE (with vigor).—And allow him to miss all this! What would he think of us when he grew up to manhood and could n’t tell he had seen the glorious ocean?—and the excursion rate on’y four dollars, too!

Angostura Bitters is universally conceded to be the best appetizer in the world. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW’S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

## Puck’s Library.

10c. per copy. All Newsdealers.



83. On the Go. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Summer Stampede.
82. Spring Sprouts. Being Puck’s Best Things About Garden and other Truck.
81. Hodge-Podge. Being Puck’s Best Things About Things and Thingumbobs.
80. Frills. Being Puck’s Best Things About Faddy Folks.
79. Weary Raggles. Being Puck’s Best Things About the Man from Nowhere.
78. Sleigh-Bells. Being Puck’s Best Things About Winter Wrinkles.
77. Youngsters. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Juvenile Jumble.
76. Happy Family. Being Puck’s Best Things About Animal Antics.
75. Gadding. Being Puck’s Best Things About the World Afoot.



74. In-Doors. Being Puck’s Best Things About Family Failings.
73. Cracked Ice. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Sweltering Season.
72. Hash. Being Puck’s Best Things About Feed and Feeders.
71. Steady Company. Being Puck’s Best Things About Keeping It.
70. On the Rialto. Being Puck’s Best Things About “Hams” and Hamlets.
69. Rainbows. Being Puck’s Best Things About Humanity’s Happy Hallucinations.
68. Lonelyville. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Place and The People.
67. Cash. Being Puck’s Best Things About Money Makers and Money Spenders.
66. Snowballs. Being Puck’s Best Things About Frozen Fun.
65. Biddy. Being Puck’s Best Things About Our Kitchen Aristocracy.
64. Fall Pippins. Being Puck’s Best Things For All The Year Round.
63. Zoo. Being Puck’s Best Things About Unnatural History.
62. Notions. Being Puck’s Best Things About All That’s Quaint, Queer and Curious.
61. Ninety in the Shade. Being Puck’s Best Things About Hot Weather Happenings.
60. Them Lit’ry Fellers. Being Puck’s Best Things About The World of Pen and Pencil.

59. Kinks. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Woolly Ethiop.
58. Junk. Being Puck’s Best Things About All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
57. Cranks. Being Puck’s Best Things About Peculiar People.
56. Patchwork. Being Puck’s Best Things About One Thing and Another.
55. Young ‘Uns. Being Puck’s Best Things About The Kid in Various Stages of Development.
54. Emeralds. Being Puck’s Best Things About Sons of the Old Sod.
53. Tips. Being Puck’s Best Things About Some Mighty Interesting Matters.
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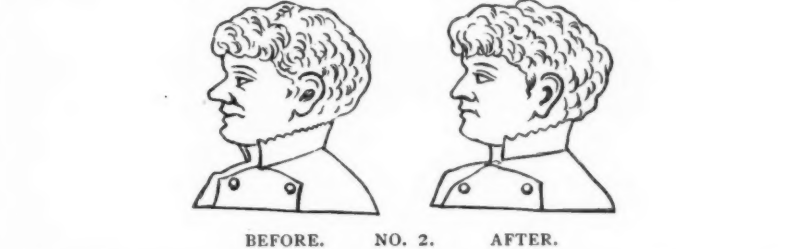
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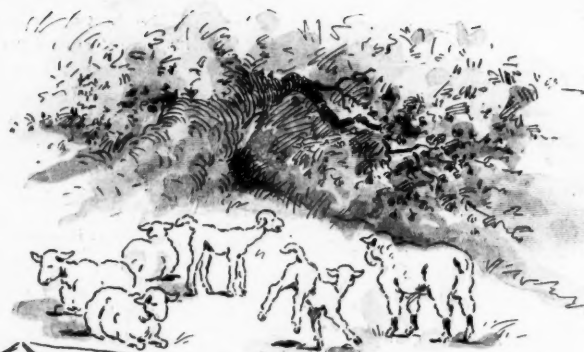
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### A MODERN BO-PEEP.

(With Apologies to Mother Goose.)

**L**ITTLE BO-PEEP cares naught for Sheep,  
Her mind is on her bangles.  
From ball to ball she flutters, all  
In satin, lace and spangles.

Her dainty bodice thick with jets,  
Her Virot toque a-tilting;  
While cutest *criss-cross* slipperettes  
Peek just beneath the quilting.

This blithe Bo-Peep, *sans* thought of Sheep,  
With chaperon old and scheming,  
With arching glance, floats through the dance,  
Beneath the candles gleaming.

I asked Bo-Peep about the Sheep:  
Did not she miss their bleating?  
Then up she took her little crook,  
And smiled a smile most fleeting.

For, Little Bo-Peep cares naught for Sheep;  
That sort of thing 's all gammon;  
BUT,  
She worships, they say, a calf, — well-a-day! —  
*The Golden Calf of Mammon.*

C. McCormack Rogers.

